

They Liked Leeks.

OWING to the fondness of the Celtic tribes for the leek, their descendants, the Welsh, retain it as an emblem of their nationality. It was an important vegetable and gardens were called "leek gardens."



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the banishment, in 1637, of Anne Hutchinson from Massachusetts for her doctrine of freedom of thought. She settled near Stamford, Conn., where Indians murdered her, in 1643.

Robert W. Chambers' THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

THE following day Sir Charles left for Newport, where Mrs. Sprowl had opened "Skyland," her villa of pink Tennessee marble, to a lively party of young people of which Strelsa Leeds made one. And once more, according to the newspapers, her engagement to Sir Charles was expected to be announced at any moment.

When Quarren picked up the newspapers from his office desk next morning he found the whole story there—a story to which he had become accustomed.

But the next day the papers repeated the news. And it remained, for the first time, uncontradicted by anybody. All that morning he sat at his desk staring at her picture, reproduced in half-tones on the first page of every newspaper in town—stared at it, and at the neighboring likeness of Sir Charles in the uniform of his late regiment; read once more of Strelsa's first marriage with all its sequence of misery and degradation; read fulsome columns celebrating her beauty, her popularity, her engagement to one of the wealthiest Englishmen in the world.

He read, also, about Sir Charles Mallison, V. C.—the long record of his military service, his wealth and the dignified simplicity of his life. He read about his immense popularity in England, his vast but unostentatious charities, his political and social status.

His Memory.

To Quarren it all meant nothing more than a stupid sequence of printed words; and he dropped his blond head into both hands and gazed out into the sunshine. And presently he remembered the golden dancer laughing at him from under her dainty mask—years and years ago; and then he thought of the woman whose

smooth young hands once seemed to melt so sweetly against his—thought of her gray eyes tinged with violet, and her hair and mouth and throat—and her cheek faintly fragrant against his—a moment's miracle—and then, the end—

He made a quick, aimless movement as though impatiently escaping sudden pain; cleared his sun-dazzled eyes and began, half blindly, to turn over his morning's letters—circulars, bills, business matters—and suddenly came upon a letter from her.

For a while he merely gazed at it, incredulous of its reality. Then he opened the envelope very deliberately and still, scarcely convinced, unfolded the scented sheet of note paper.

"Dear Mr. Quarren:

"At Mrs. Sprowl's suggestion I wrote Sir Charles asking him to be kind enough to bring you with him when he came to 'Skyland.' 'Somehow, I am afraid that my informality may have offended you; and if this is so, I am sorry. We have been such good friends that I supposed I might venture to send you such a message.

"But perhaps I ought to have written to you instead—I didn't know. Lately it seems as though many things that I have done have been entirely misunderstood. 'It's gray weather here, and the sun looks as though it were bad tempered, and I've been discontented, too, this morning.' 'I don't really mean that. There is a very jolly party here. . . . I believe that I'm growing a little tired of parties.

"Molly has asked me to Witch-Hollow for a quiet week in June, and I'm going. She would ask you if I suggested it. Shall I? Because, since we last met, once or twice the thought has occurred to me that perhaps an explanation was overdue. Not that I should make any to you if you and I met at

Who's Who in "The Streets of Ascalon"

STRELSA LEEDS—A charming young widow, who comes to New York and is sponsored by one of the leaders of society.

RICHARD QUARREN—A gifted young idler, who falls in love with Strelsa.

LANGLY SPROWL—A multi-millionaire, who has determined to marry Strelsa, and who has explained his unsavory past to her by a seemingly frank talk.

SIR CHARLES MALLISON—A rich Englishman, who has long hoped to win Strelsa's heart.

MARY LEDWITH—Who, betrayed by

Sprowl, at last sees the good in Chester Ledwith, the husband she tossed aside.

THE EARL OF DANKMERE—Who brings over a lot of family pictures and incidentally starts Quarren on the road to usefulness.

MOLLY WYCHERLY—A great friend of Strelsa's, who breaks to Quarren the news that the young widow has lost all her money.

MRS. SPROWL—A Fifth avenue dowager, who undertakes a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, hoping to marry her to Sir Charles Mallison.

Witch-Hollow. There isn't any to make—except by my saying that I hope to see you again. Will you be content with that admission of guilt?

"I meant to speak to you again that day at the Charity affair, only there were so many people bothering—and you seemed to be so delightfully preoccupied with that pretty Cyrille Caldera. I really had no decent opportunity to speak to you again without making her my mortal enemy—and you, too, perhaps.

"May I dare to be a little friendly now and say that I would like to see you? Somehow I feel that even still I may venture to talk to you on a different plane and footing from any which exists between other men and me. You were once so friendly, so kind, so nice to me. You have been nice—always. And if I seem to have acquired any of the hardness, and of the cynical veneer, any of the fashionable scepticism and unbelief which, perhaps no woman entirely escapes in my environment, it all softens and relaxes and fades and seems to talk to you—even on this note-paper. Which is only one way of saying, 'Please be my friend again.'"

"I sometimes hear about you from

others. I am impressively informed that you have given up all frivolous social activity and are now most industriously devoting yourself to your real estate business. And I am wondering whether this rather bewildering volte-face is to be permanent.

"Would you care to write to me and tell me a little about yourself? Do you think it odd or capricious of me to write to you? And are you perhaps irritated because of my manners, which must have seemed to you discourteous—perhaps rude? 'I know of course that you called on me; that you telephoned; that you wrote to me; and that I made no response.

"And I am going to make no explanation. Can your friendship, or what may remain of it, stand the strain?"

"If it can, please write to me. And forgive me whatever injustice I have seemed to do you. I ask it because, although you may not believe it, my regard for you has never become less since the night that a Harlequin and a golden dancer met in the noisy halls of old King Carnival. . . . Only, the girl who writes you this was younger and happier then

than I think she ever will be again.

"Your friend—if you wish—

"STRELSA LEEDS."

He wrote her by return mail.

"My Dear Mrs. Leeds:

"When a man has made up his mind to drown without any more fuss, it hurts him to be hailed out and resuscitated and told he is still alive.

"If you mean, ultimately, to let me drown, do it now. I've been too miserable over you. Also, I was insulting to Sir Charles. He's too decent to have told you; but I was. And I can't ask his pardon except by mending my manners toward him in future.

"I'm nobody; I haven't any money, and I love you. That is how the matter stands this day in May. Let me know the worst and I'll drown this time for good and all.

"Are you engaged to marry Sir Charles?"

"R. S. QUARREN."

The little Earl got up and began to wander around, hands in his pockets, repeating: "I'd make a pretty good actor. In spite of what O'Hara said. It's

the only thing I like, anyway. I can improvise songs, too. Listen to this impromptu, you fellows!":

And he bent over the piano, still standing, and beat out a jingling accompaniment:

"I sigh for a maiden I never have seen,

I'll make her my countess whatever she's been—

Typewriter, manicure, hairless or queen,

Aged fifty or thirty or lovely eighteen,

Redundant and squatty, or scraggy and lean,

Generous spendthrift or miserly mean—

I sigh for the maiden I never have seen

Provided she's padded with wads of Long Green!"

Still singing the air he picked up a silk hat and walking stick and began to dance, rather lightly and gracefully, his sunken, heavy-lidded eyes fixed nonchalantly on space—his nimble little feet making no sound on the floor as he swung, swayed and capered under the electric light timing his agile steps to his own singing.

Loud applause greeted him: much hand-clapping and cries of "Good old Dankmere! Three cheers

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

for the British peerage!" Sir Charles looked slightly bored, sitting back in his chair and waiting for the game to recommence. Which it did with the return of the Earl who had now relieved both his intellect and his legs of an accumulated and terphiborean incubus.

"If I was a bigger ass than I am," said the Earl, "I'd go into vaudeville and let my creditors howl."

"Did they really send you over here?" asked O'Hara, knowing that his lordship made no bones about it.

"They certainly did. And a fine mess I've made of it, haven't I? No decent girl wants me—though why, I don't know, because I'm decent enough as men go. But your newspapers make fun of me and my title—and I might as well cut away to Dankmere Tarns and let 'em pick my carcass clean."

"Get to 'Em."

"What's Dankmere Tarns?" asked O'Hara.

"Mine, except the mortgages on it."

"Entitled?"

"Naturally."

"Kept up?"

"No, shut up."

"What sort of a gallery is that of yours at Dankmere Tarns?" inquired Sir Charles, turning around.

"How the devil do I know," replied his lordship fretfully. "I don't know anything about pictures."

"Are there not some very valuable ones here?"

"There are a lot of very dirty ones."

"Don't you know their value?"

"No, I don't. But I fancy the good ones were sold off long ago—twenty years ago I believe. There was a sale—a lot of rubbish of sorts. I took it for granted that Lister's people cleaned out everything worth taking."

"When you go back," said Sir Charles, "inspect that rubbish again. Perhaps Lister's people overlooked enough to get you out of your financial difficulties. Pictures that sold for £100 twenty years ago might bring £1,000 today. It's merely a suggestion, Dankmere—if you'll pardon it."

"And a good one," added O'Hara. "I know a lot of interesting people and they tell me that you can sell any rotten old picture over here for any amount of money. Sting 'em, Dankmere. Get to 'em!"

"You might send for some of the pictures," said Lacy, "and have a shot at the auction-mad amateur. He's too easy."

"And pay duty and storage and gallery hire and auction fees—no thanks," replied the little earl, cautiously. "I've burnt my bally fingers too often in schemes."

"I've a back room behind my office," said Quarren. "You can store them there if you like without charge."

"Besides, if they're genuine, there will be no duty to pay," explained Sir Charles.

Dankmere sucked his cigar but made no comment; and the game went on, disastrously for him.

Quarren said casually to Sir Charles: "I suppose you will be off to Newport soon."

"Tomorrow. When do you leave town?"

"I expect to remain in town nearly all summer."

"Isn't that rather hard?"

"No; it doesn't matter much," said the boy indifferently.

"Many people are already on the wing," observed Lacy.

"The Calderas have gone, I hear, and the Vernons and Mrs. Sprowl, added O'Hara.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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WHEN A GIRL MARRIES FOR LOVE . . . An Absorbing Romance . . . By RUBY M. AYRES SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

By Ann Lisle. Whose Present Serial Has Won A Nation-wide Success.

"ALL right," I replied, getting to my feet and nodding out my hand with my best sporting effort to cover my terrible disappointment. "I see your viewpoint, and I won't make any effort to change it. Thanks for the interview. I've taken a lot of your time, but I'm sure you don't begrudge it."

"Where are you going in all this rain?" asked Carl, smiling equally. "I've said I didn't see my way clear to making any innovations, and I don't. But I've a counter proposition to make. If you care to listen."

The instant Carl Booth rejected my plan for a new department in Haldane's with Anne Harrison in charge, I began to realize how much I'd counted on it. I replied without enthusiasm: "All right, Carl, go ahead. Let's hear what you have to say."

"You sound as thrilled as a fish on being invited into a nice new net," chuckled Carl. "As he spoke he leaned forward and tapped out his pipe, emptying the ashes with a certain purposefulness he's always had a way of infusing into trivial gestures. I knew perfectly well that while he was apparently absorbed in getting his pipe as clean as a modern, white-tailed cat, he was marshaling the facts in order and preparing to railroad his ideas through in a way which has made him such a success in the advertising and publishing game."

"Yes, your home?" I invited.

"It's like this," said Carl. "This job is several sizes too big for me. I'm an advertising man, not an editor, but here I have to sit looking at the advertising department now, mad as a hatter—which he is, and on his way here. Get that?"

"I do. And it's plenty," replied Carl, his brows furrowing with thought.

"The advertising department's in bad, Mr. Booth," she said. "They need you to pull them out of an ugly hole. One of our big concerns is on the verge of cancellation. Appears our client ordered a full page in four colors where he's been carrying sepia every month. His publicity man slipped up and didn't correct proofs when they came over."

"Now there's a row on. He blames us and wants to cancel the rest of the year's contract which has six months to run. And he's over in the advertising department now, mad as a hatter—which he is, and on his way here. Get that?"

"I do. And it's plenty," replied Carl, his brows furrowing with thought.

A boy poked his head in the door in a then, announcing in clipped syllables: "Miss Brownlow, wanta in th' art. 'Twonice."

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

Delicious Ice Cream
IN PURE FRUIT FLAVORS
PROMPTLY DELIVERED
DAILY AND SUNDAY.
AMREIN'S
1609 N. Y. AVE.
Phone Main 2235. Established 1890.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HARBLEN OIL
KIDNEY PILLS

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

THEY were in the drawing-room; Mrs. Winterick knitting as usual and Philip roaming restlessly round the room.

The piano was closed tonight; there was no one to play, and Mrs. Winterick had just remarked how she wished Eva had been there.

"I never get any music now," she said mournfully.

Philip glanced at the piano and away again. It seemed only yesterday since he had tried to kiss his wife in this very room; his heart seemed to be stored with bitter memories like that.

He went over to where his mother sat; he spoke without looking at her.

"Do you remember asking me—once—in this very room—how things had turned out?" he asked jocularly.

The busy needles stopped clicking.

"Yes, Phil."

"Well, mother, they're rotten! They're—they're a thundering sight worse than—than anything you can ever imagine. . . . I—that's why I'm here."

"Yes, Phil." She put one white hand on his arm with a little comforting gesture.

"It's impossible to go on living as we are. . . . He to play hoarsely. 'Don't think she's to blame—she isn't! It's all my fault—I've been a rotter to her from the start to finish. . . . So she's too good for me. . . . So—so I want to clear off—go abroad—find a new life.'"

Mrs. Winterick said nothing, but her face whitened a little.

"I've had an offer to go to South Africa," Philip rushed on. "It's a decent offer—good money, and all that—and I want to go. You won't stand in the way, I know, when I tell you how—how utterly impossible it is for me to go on as I am. It's not Eva's fault—I give you my word of honor that none of it is her fault. She—she's just as wretched as I am."

He tried to laugh. "We are just two blind idiots, walking into a trap, when we got married. . . . I thought it would be all right. I've known other chaps who've done it. I thought we should rub along comfortably. . . ."

He drew a hard breath.

"Well, I was wrong—and it seems to me that the only way for both of us is for me to clear. It'll give us both a chance—to sort ourselves out. . . ."

Asking for Trouble

"My dear," remarked Mrs. De Wiggs at the breakfast table one morning, "Dr. Lewis says that hit water will cure all diseases."

"He does—does he?" said Mr. De Wiggs.

"Yes; and persons who use the treatment ought never to be ill at all."

"Well, I don't believe it."

"Why?"

"You know how I am always ill!"

He raised his unhappy eyes and looked at his mother. "Poor mother!" He lifted her hand to his lips.

"You don't understand what it is—this sort of smashup, do you?"

He put her gently away and rose to his feet.

Mrs. Winterick sat quite still, her eyes fixed on her son. He had never seemed so pathetically young to her as he did now, and it suddenly came home to her with a rush of exceeding bitterness that she was responsible for this, that it had been her hand that had built the unstable foundations of his happiness.

"If I had only known," she told herself in anguish. "Why didn't I see what it would mean?"

Philip came back presently. He laid a hand on her shoulder.

"I don't want to hurt you," he said roughly. "You're not very sore with me, are you? It's my sore with me, nobody else's. If I clear off for a bit . . . Eva

could come here, so that you won't be left alone. She's never had a proper chance with you. You've never known her as I should like you to—"

He broke off with a hopeless gesture.

"Anyway, you must arrange about that. I should like to know you were here together, you two . . ."

He met his mother's eyes pleadingly. "Now you know it all," he added.

Mrs. Winterick rose; she put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face with loving anxiety.

"Do I sure—quite sure?" . . .

He stammered out that there was nothing more to tell her, that if there had been . . . He broke off.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

There was a little silence, then she said very gently:

"You didn't love Eva when you married her, did you?"

"No—I . . ."

Their eyes met, and suddenly Philip broke out in an anguish. "She doesn't care for me—I'd give anything in the world . . . but it's no good . . . no good . . ."

He pulled himself together almost at once, and tried to laugh.

"Well, that's the worst," he said with an effort. "It's a just punishment, anyway. She can't stand me—shows her good taste, I suppose."

He fumbled for his cigarettes and lit one. He was horribly ashamed of his momentary breakdown; he could not look at his mother.

"So it's all settled—eh?" he asked presently. "I go to South Africa and Eva comes here—if you'll have her . . . and mother . . ."

"Yes, Phil."

"You won't . . . you're not blaming her? You wouldn't, if you knew everything?"

Mrs. Winterick raised her sad eyes.

"I never have blamed her, Phil," she said gently.

The days following her husband's departure from the apartment seemed to Eva when she looked back on them, like some feverish dream.

After the first exultation Peter left her severely alone; he was kind and attentive to her when he had time to spare from dancing attendance upon Kitty, but she felt that she was losing him.

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